

# SIDE BETS WHILE A RACE IS ON

## MONEY THE 'SHREWD JUDGES' PICK UP AT THE TRACK.

Pittsburg Phil's Remarkable Ability at Naming a Winner When the Horses Were in the Stretch—Bookmakers Who Lay Wagers on Chance of a Foul.

"Not many of them standing on the lawn in front of the grand stand or squatting on high chairs outside the betting ring nowadays can tell for a sure thing which horse is going to cop when the field hits the top of the stretch," said one of the old guard of turf followers who can call the turn of course, when some speedy stayer is tuncaning out in front at that stage of it with his mouth wide open and the boy sitting still and looking back.

"But it's different when a well matched and closely handiapped bunch hit the stretch all together like a parading troop of cavalry doing a right wheel."

"It takes a man with a jockey's judgment of pace and an almost mathematical knowledge of just how many ounces of run each of the horses has got in him to name the correct one when there's a rail to rail lineup of the best ones stretched across the track at the top of the run home."

"Pittsburg Phil had that end of it sewed up. Nobody ever approached him at it. No matter how equally the leaders in the biggest kind of a race were running at the turn for home, Phil would calmly take his field glasses from his eyes at that juncture, clap them into the case and, without looking at the horses again till they flashed by, quietly observe to the gang that always huddled around him to get his idea of things before the finish, 'So and So'll win, and I never knew him to name the wrong one, even when something came from the clouds at the very end and hooked up for a head-long sprint to the wire with the one he had called as the winner."

"In addition to his perfect knowledge of what the horses struggling in a race were up to, he must have possessed the thing called intuition at that game. That's what everybody who knew him thought, and they think so yet. He always denied such a thing himself, though, and laughed at the suggestion. He said that he could tell by the running action of a horse in the final stages of a race how he was going to finish. This involved his scrutiny through the glasses of the flying action of all the horses in a field as they approached the telling part of the journey—pretty fine work in itself."

"Whatever the faculty was, he had it developed to such an almost uncanny degree that he could predict the defeat of a horse that seemed even to good judges to be going like a lion out in front, and that, with a long lead at the head of the stretch, appeared to be a certain winner. Phil could detect the leg-weariness of the strongest kind of a front-runner when that one seemed to have many pounds left for the dash to the tape, and with the same quick eye that caught, when nobody else caught it, the curling up indications on the part of the spread-eagler, he could call the horse, often away back, that would do the bulldog stunt within the eighth pole and snatch the victory by a nod."

"There were times when even Phil's friends, familiar as they were with his infallibility at this game, could not stand for his offhand verdict. I happened to be by once when Bill Cowan, one of Phil's closest friends, refused to believe that the plunger had it right."

"It was a distance race—I forget which one now, but I believe it was the Lawrence Realization—in which Ethelbert was the topheavy favorite."

"Ethelbert started out and made the pace like a wicket's Ome. He was fitter than he had ever been in his life and he was getting the greatest ride. When he turned into the stretch with all kinds of daylight between him and the next horse, David Garrick, and going without the least friction—that is, it appeared that way to practically everybody—the immense crowd set up the Ethelbert roar."

"Nothing to it but Ethelbert, even the bookies on their chairs out on the lawn said to each other dually, for their sheets were cluttered with columns of big and little bets on the favorite."

"Ethelbert something e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e howled the cheerful folks in the stand had got their checks down on the flying leader."

"Pittsburg Phil, watching the race from a chair placed near the cheap field partition, put away his glasses calmly when Ethelbert swung into the stretch alone."

"David Garrick wins," he said in the tone of a man making an observation about the weather. He isn't trying to root his horse home, either. The fact that he had \$2,000 on Garrick at 20 to 1 had nothing to do with his placid announcement."

"Wrong for once, Phil" sung out Bill Cowan, who was standing close to Phil's chair. "I'm laying you a thousand to a hundred that Ethelbert cops."

"On, Bill," said Phil, without even turning to look at Cowan."

"Down the stretch thundered the mighty Ethelbert with his even, spavounging pace, showing no signs of quitting or crawling. As a matter of fact Ethelbert didn't dog it at all that day at any stage of the route. But the one behind him, David Garrick, had more power left. With tremendous leaps and a courage that was not to be denied Garrick bounded after Ethelbert after being well straightened out for home, and he gained upon the favorite by inches."

"Even this caused no consternation in the minds of the Ethelbert folks, for their horse seemed to be going too easily, and certainly seemed to have too long a lead to be caught. But Pittsburg Phil had realized the immense reserve power of Garrick at the very instant that one gathered himself together for his run. There was a cry of dismay that lengthened into a groan all over the place when Garrick gradually closed the gap and got within a few feet of Ethelbert's saddle side. From that point it was a horse race between those two that caused men and women alike to shriek like savages. Garrick ranged alongside Ethelbert well within the sixteenth pole, and then down to the wire the two thundered like one horse. In the very nick of time, Garrick nudged down first, and Ethelbert, who by a face, as we say—literally, an inch or so."

"Phil climbed down from his stool and started to walk away with a smile at the corners of his mouth."

"Don't forget that you're into me a thousand, Phil," Cowan called after him. "You'd have been burned at the stake for a wis a couple of hundred years ago."

"There's plenty of this side betting still going on during the running of a race, particularly down near the end where the layers and their crews watch the contests, but since Phil did there's nobody sitting on perch with a pair of glasses on the nose whose pronouncement as to what the finish is going to be carries the weight that the dead plunger's advance verdict used to carry. It's a different thing, out of the side betting, and there's profit in it for the shrewd, if not infallible, ones."

"Some of the sharpest chaps employ the side betting scheme when a race is nearly over as a scheme for picking up good money from casual racers. They're so good at picking the right one when the real

# THE WOMEN MEN LIKE BEST.

## THEY ARE QUIET AND PLUMP AND TACTFUL.

Good Temper and Sweet Smiles Powerful to Attract Men—Julius of Today Who Look But Don't Speak—A Small Waist Is Much Better Than Physical Culture.

"I have been studying types," said a pretty girl, "trying to discover what kind of woman a man likes."

"I haven't got very far in my researches, for I have only been able to study the women in the summer hotels, the home women and the women who play cards. My curriculum will not be complete until I have studied the women of every land. Still my observations have given me something upon which to base conclusions."

"Thus far I would say that men like quiet women. They do not like chatty girls. They prefer to do the chatting themselves."

"Wherever you see a quiet little puss in a corner, you may be sure some man will

# REAL FUN AT A COUNTRY BALL GAME

## Even the Girls Had a Hand in Helping the Bel Air Team Out.

"I saw a neighborly, cheery and mighty entertaining gang of ball down in Maryland the other afternoon," said a man whose business compels him to do a lot of out-of-the-way prowling. "Happened at Bel Air, county seat of Harford county. Bel Air is a kind of Stoke Pogis or Alexandria, Va. that you reach—if you've got to do that kind of reaching—on a curvy one railroad from Baltimore to York, Pa.; called Aleck Brown's line, Aleck Brown being somebody or other in Baltimore with the price of the season. The girls are so graceful, so light on their feet, so sensible, so strong, and so healthy that the men simply love them."

"Men like girls who do not cry and who never get tired. It is distressing to take a girl upon a yachting cruise if she sobs in a squall and gets tired dodging the waves."

"Men like rich girls. There is no doubt about it."

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# CINDERS IN THEIR WHISKERS.

## 'Räus Mid 'm Pepper Box!' They Cried, and Smiler Lost His Job.

"Ah, g'wan," said Smiler, engineer of the tug Jacob Zeissen, to the reporter. "Waf'rd ye want that 'ere? Taint' worrying me none: 'Taint' worrying Smiler. That hat, though. He rolled his hands over each other off in the direction of the big oily basin with the rusty tramps heaving on its swell. He repeated the dumb show of something flitting, and looked seriously at the reporter to see if the reporter caught the idea. He put a beefy finger or two on the knee that dangled over the stringer. Then suddenly he rolled back against the engine room door in a seizure of choking laughter. That is why they call him Smiler. He has no other name for his 200 pounds."

"Coming aboard, ye know, at 2 o'clock this morning after I blown in me month's pay. The hat—" he fell back upon the fitting move with his hands again. "One-forty-eight," he added, in an undertone, as a sort of emphasis for the hat.

"Gilt-edge Bill Gulden tell ye the one about the Dutchmen. Whiskers. Oh! Down here." He stuck out his hands under his chin waving the fingers outward like a fringe of beard. "Like this—see." Laughter stopped him for a minute from saying anything but "Great Smiler," "Holy Matriess," and such short-cut expressions. Finally he enlightened the hearer.

"That's the Dutchman, ye know. Bunches like this." He repeated the waving curling gestures for the reporter's benefit.

"Bill has whiskers, too. Yes. Mop either side his nose. That kind. M-m, and a great big bow fender. This way." He smoothed his hands over an extensive imaginary roundness in front of him. "Funny ol' fellow, Bill."

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# HOW THE SWISS MAKE AN ARMY

## 337,000 Soldiers to a Population of Only Three Millions.

The Swiss army is one of the most remarkable of her political institutions. It is the ideal toward which the common people of every European country, weighed down with taxation to support huge standing armies, turn with longing and hope. According to the Army and Swiss system of militia saves millions of money to the taxpayers and gives years of freedom from military service to the soldiers.

Practically all Swiss serve from the age of 20 to 50 in the militia and reserves. The raw recruits go into schools, the infantry for forty-five days, the cavalry for eighty days.

After this the cavalry serves sixteen days each year, and the infantry and artillery fourteen days each every other year. The reserves serve only six or six days every four years. The officers, of course, are carefully trained in good schools for a period of years.

This short service would be insufficient were it not preceded and supplemented by military training for boys in school and rifle practice every year by practically all Swiss citizens.

Target shooting is the national sport, and in accordance with the law a place for target practice must be supplied by every municipality. The prizes of the Swiss system of militia are offered by the national government.

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